

Many Instances of Startling Bravery Among the Allies.

**They Held Their Ground With a Grim
Tenacity That Finally Wore the Chinese
Out—Surprising Accuracy of the Defending
Artillerymen—Scenes of Carnage Within
the City—The Deciding Dash Made by the
Japanese—Great Quantities of Guns and
Ammunition Captured by the Victors**

The Chinese city of Tientsin is a walled enclosure. The wall is about twenty-five feet high and is supposed to be in the neighborhood of twenty feet thick at the top. It is faced with brick, outside and in, and filled with mud. The parapet is of brick, thick and strong, and loopholed for rifles as well as having embrasures for guns. The city lies northwest of the mouth of the river, and is a peninsula about

STRENGTH OF THE CONTENDING FORCES.

against these allies have a force which it ought to be possible to give to the last unit for which cannot be reported with accuracy. The constant accessions to different forces has made it impossible to keep a satisfactory sheet showing the real strength. It is only given in the following table the number of men given. The Russians have about 3,000 men, the British have about 1,300, including sailors, men, Pathans, Chinese, marines, Punjab and Royal Welsh Fusiliers. The French have about 1,500 or 2,000, mostly marine infantry from Saigon that are never worth their use. The British have a couple of battalions of men to lead the mules and carry their loads, and are for being in the way. The Germans have their 400 sailormen, as good men as walk. The Austrians have about twenty-five sailormen. The Americans have a full battalion of marines and two battalions of the Ninth. That is, the bulk of the force.

ACTION BEGAN AT DAWN.

While this was going on the western gunners were making beautiful practice along the wall and at the pagoda fort. The day came fine and cloudless, with promise of being very hot. The men started out in three columns for the western attack. The French marched up along the mud wall with their battery. Just outside of the mud wall runs a canal about thirty yards wide and six or seven feet deep. Beyond that the country is flat and covered with grave mounds. Through these graves just beyond the canal the British column marched up to a point below the west arsenal. The Americans marched 500 yards further out, and 500 yards beyond the Americans went the Japanese.

The plan of the action was completed definitely only so far as the taking of the arsenal. Then there was to be a conference of commanders as to further movements. It was understood in a general way, however, that upon the occupation of the arsenal all the guns mounted on the wall were to be used to shell the city wall with great vigor in the effort to make a breach through which the infantrymen could get into the city. If it turned out that the Chinese had mounted a battery on the centering angle of the wall, the Russians would use their machine guns, mortars and Fusiliers, under Major Waller, was to push up along the wall, using it for cover as much as possible, and take this battery, turning it at once on the city. The Russians were expected to get through to the pagoda for and turn the guns on the city. It was expected that the Russians could get great speed in the attack for the Russians were expecting to see the United States or Japanese flag hoisted at the northwest corner of the city wall by 11 o'clock and that was to be their signal to cease firing on the pagoda fort. If the attack were delayed, it was feared that the attack would damage the allies on the west might come under this Russian fire.

BRITISH SLOW TO LEARN.

The first line was British, the Welbive regiment. Their officers stalked along ahead of the men as unconcerned as if only on parade instead of helpless under a hell fire of Mannlichers to which they were exposed. The British officers were white, flapping sun guards over their necks that marked them as officers as distinctly as if they had carried gigantic placards. The British officers are unquestionably brave, but they are just as big fools here as they were in South Africa. That experience does not seem to have been a lesson. The British in this regiment is less than eighteen months old. Some of the men in it are the rawest of recruits, but they showed to-day what Chinese can do when well led and well organized. With the eyes of the fighting men of eight nations watching to see their shot and bullet holes, they were able to take a full platoon of officers with hardly a duck and swan across that fire-sprinkled field with almost a pinch precision as the superb little Japanese. Just behind them came the Fusiliers, and no man could have told from their demeanor that they were not all dead and never heard a bullet whizz past them. They were not far from their distance and kept it as if the Queen were looking at them, indifferent alike when men went down and when all marched ahead unharméd. They are a big sturdy lot and their khaki uniforms are well filled out. One thing these men are not, they are not afraid. At the first, noticeable this morning that the rifle slings and cross belts were not new pipelayed and spotlessly white just because they were going out for men to shoot at them.

With the fusiliers were the blue/ajoke, an

On the long, thin, wavering line we have seen so often in the Philippines the men of the Ninth came up behind the Japanese. Blue shirts and khaki trousers, old faded campaign hats and heavy haversacks their outfit and on their shoulders the murderous Krafs here for the first time going to meet an enemy proof against the old-time yell and charge that had carried the line so many times to victory over the Filipinos. They made a brave show. It was a worthy line to come last and stay longest under the fire to which they could not reply.

When the men began to cross the canal they had to form in column of fours to get across the bridge. They still made a great target but were partly covered by the mud walls and the big brick gate, where it crossed the road to the arsenal. The men got over all right and then there was a time getting over some baggage and water animals. A little mule or a donkey that had been hooked into a sacking by some men from the British ship *Barfleur* was the last to go. After knee, and there was a great time among the men. They did not care how much they exposed themselves, the main point was to get the donkey under cover and his wounds dressed. Just after they got him behind the wall and were bandaging him up one of them was ordered by a sergeant to do something and replied:

"I can't neow, don't ye vex the bloomin' "

As the Chinese all the men were under cover the Chinese were posted to shell the city wall. The Japanese, American and French batteries were taken through the little clump of huts to the west of the arsenal and posted along the road that runs just north of the main building. The Chinese were ordered to open fire. The Americans took their three Col. guns well forward also and posted them in an advantageous position. The different infantry forces strung out along the wall and waited for the artillery to do its work. The shelling began about 6:30 and continued steadily down to the east. The Japanese down having been at it steadily from the start. For nearly an hour the allies guns fired rapidly, but during it all the Chinese replied with rifles and big guns, though not so vigorously as they had done at times before. The battery of old muzzle-loading 75-pounds of the modern Far Asiatic artillery was posted on the mud wall to the west of the bridge over the road, and every time the cloud of smoke announced the discharge of one of its guns there was a rattle of Chinese bullets in response. Two or three times the Chinese shells were very few minutes, but the guns kept pelting away all the same. One Chinese shell struck the wall just in front of where Fukushima and Gen Doward, the British command, were standing. They were so surprised that they were sitting on the ground. The open gateway through the wall was hit by a bullet.

haversacks rolled about their shoulders, forme

A column of fours behind the mud wall and ready to start. The way was cleared for them under the gate through the mud wall and they came swinging down the batter to it. A sergeant of the platoon reached the gate. The officer in command drew his sword and swung it over his head called to his men and set off up the road at the full run, the men after him grinning as they swung into the double. As company after company came along each commander swung up his sword in his right hand, his left hand on his hip, and with a shout led his men on to the run.

Half the regiment had gone in when there was a mix-up that caused an awkward delay. The American guns had run out of ammunition. They had brought to the field the entire supply which they had and the rifle company, which was ordered to go from the Brooklyn. When all was all used up they were ordered to retreat and this order was given just as the charge began. They came back, nevertheless, and right in the gateway met the Japanese going in on the double. There was a crowd and confusion and the Japanese, with the confusion and the crowd, came through. They went on in the same old style.

The Japanese and French batteries posted in front of the arsenal were firing as rapidly as possible as the attack went in, but the instant the first of the Japanese infantry showed themselves the French batteries were ordered to fire into the open causeway a fearful burst of fire swept down on them from the city wall and from the huts in front of it. The Chinese were wide awake and making a fine defence.

As the Japanese advance swung well into

After all there is nothing much to see here; what resembles what we have been led to expect from boyhood up by the pictures in the old war books. It is just a broad green field, where many regular mounds of mud scattered here and there. A hard yellow road runs through it, and at intervals are small groups of men or two hundred yards, and therefore two or three clusters of mud hills. By the first of them there is a broad stretch of water bearing away to the right where it widens to a hundred yards or more, with more mud hills, thick and close together. The Asiatic artillery occasionally fires its screaming guns. Noise you hear in plenty, the sharp rattle of the gun as it is fired and the sharper crack of the exploding shell. On the hard yellow road in mid-field a column of soldiers is running forward. Every yard or so one of them falls or drops out. Behind them come more men.

At the start they swing off to the right, on the eastern one of the two roads from the arsenal, and presently are in a swampy land toward that broad reach of water which they can never cross. It is nearing 8 o'clock and the attack has gone in.

Along the mud wall there are a few minutes of surprising quiet, with conversational sounds. We have seen many men go down in the first rush. The fire from both sides is terrific. The bullets drop over the mud wall and fall into the canal. Out in the field, where the litter bearers are gathering up the last of the wounded, the air is full of the popping of bullets. Wounded and dead are lying behind the wall and surgeons of two or three nationalities have fixed up temporary dressing stations there. One badly wounded man is lying under the protection of a wall of mud and a mud wall of the Royal Asiatic Artillery is slowly pounding away. Every explosion shakes the bricks half dislodged by a Chinese shell and the sur-

How tremendously
The huge, dark, black mud and spatter the mud
in the swampy fields. Over our heads, as we
watch from the mud wall, there is an unending
whistle, with only one comforting feature
about it. There is no secondary crack to the
Mannlicher bullet, such as there is to the
Japanese bullet. It is to be extended now
as far as it will be. The Japanese are nasees
about the huts well up toward the city walls
and spread out on each side of them. The
little men in white and blue are keeping very
close cover, but they are also maintaining
hot fire against the Japanese. The Japanese
are making a crack of the Krag, the volley
slithers rather than snaps. They fire very
well. Whatever punishment they are getting
it is not disturbing their equanimity.

THE ATTACK CHECKED.

By 9 o'clock we realized that the attack had been checked; our men have gone as far as they can. The Japanese engineers cannot get to the wall to gun cotton the gate. Fukushima is with his men, but Dordard stands on the brick

gate and watches the long line through his binoculars. They begin to bring in the wounded, here and there a man straggling in alone, and now and then an officer in care of some of his men or of a stretcher party. The men are all in a terrible fix, and the sight from across the enemy net to be seen: a huge wall to go against with wide water in front of it, and no matter what part of the field you are in, an enfilading fire. A messenger comes in from the Ninth and asks for support. "Managers are tight," he says, and he gives a list of names. "The Ninth is in a terrible fix," he killed. "I don't know," says the other, "but I'll be regularly enough this report soon becomes persistent and common. It is all over the field that the American Colonel has been killed. The result is that when early in the afternoon the Colonel does receive a mortal wound, no one except those actually with him will believe it did not happen in the night. To this day it did not support the marine artillery which have used up all their ammunition are sent in. They are a sober company as they file through the big brick gate. Capt. Pille has already had a bullet through the rim of his hat and for the last half hour has been holding it together with his hands. As if it were not so, he has a safe. They swing out on the road on the double and in less than fifty yards six men are down.

Now it is just a question of endurance. I know this is right the Chinese will run by and by. They have stopped our advance, but can they stand it to have us stay where we are all day? (Can we stand it?) We have the Facilities, have our own marines, and the Facilities have good excellent cover behind the grave mounds. Presently the men begin to fool with the Chinese, sticking their hats up on cleaning rods from behind the mounds. We can see it as plainly as if we were there but it draws a hole in the air. The Chinese are afraid that Capt. "Reddy" Davis is one of the best fellows in the corps, was killed. He was talking to the Colonel when he got a bullet through the heart. Here, too Butler is one of the most efficient of the youngsters. He was hit in the leg, the complement of the wound. Capt. Tenny got a hole in the back. The other Capt. Green, and Lieut. Leonard of the 1st Battalion Adjutant, volunteered to take

Leonard was nearly exhausted by the tremendous exertion. Lemly and Butler put their two wounded legs together and hobbled off as if trying to run a three-legged race. The Leonard started back, just in time to fall over (with Capt. Fuller's command) in the awful field he ven- tured on the third time and had got almost to cover when he was hit in the upper left arm, near the shoulder. The bullet ranged downward toward the elbow, splintering the bone and severing the artery. There was no one on the field then to give Leonard another first aid dressing (as so, with only a few minutes' delay). He was left to bleed to death until a corporal and a sergeant and a corporal to help him he started back to cross the fire-swept field for the fourth time. They ran, and every step pumped the blood faster through the severed artery. The Chinese marked them and tried their best to stop their progress, but they could not nearly equal the momentum of the wounded men. They moved so slowly, but now the odds were even the line to protect Leonard, no matter what harassed about the ammunition and firing carefully and deliberately at the loopholes in the wall the men gave the Chinese such a warning that for a time they kept close to cover, and so Leonard got to the wall un- hauled. He was in a bad way, but he could not feel pain, and loss of blood had made him hysterical. He danced about, calling to the men who had brought him out.

Then he begged the men not to tell any one that he had acted so and went on again exclaiming that they had crossed alive. He had reached the wall below the dressing station and was bent on starting in at once for the hospital. There was no one to help him but a newspaper man who tied another handkerchief about the arm, still bleeding fearfully, and started in with him to the hospital. There wasn't a cart or ricksha that could be impressed and no pony was in sight, so they had to walk the long mile and a half every foot of the way, at least until they had reached the hospital.

from the city wall. A company of men from the *Barfleur* has gone in behind Fuller's marine to the support of the Ninth. Out on the causeway the French are huddled behind a clump of mud but making no sign of anything. The Ninth is under the mud wall. Behind the mud wall all the dead and wounded have been gathered in from across the canal. Already they make a sorry showing and give sad promise for the day's work. Two Japanese officers are at the head of the dead ones, that fine, big, placid fellows who are so much more courteous and agreeable and who spoke such excellent English. He lies face down on the stretcher of which he was brought in, with a bullet squarely through the middle of his head. The last of the company of support has gone on. The Japanese are now in the line. The allies have expended their strength and can do nothing more but hold on. Down the mud wall near the settlements the 12-pounders and the 4-inch rifle are firing steadily and we see their shells fall about the wall and occasion strike out. A tremendous explosion that does every-
wither a world of good.

MAGNIFICENT BRAVERY

Over at the extreme right, where the Ninth is in a choke, is walking slowly up and down is Col. Isaac. Just as he took his men in, so is he now encouraging them. He moves along, absolutely heedless of the storm of bullets buzzing about him, waving his arm to these men, shouting to those, unmindful of the calls and warnings of officers and men alike and refusing to take cover while there is anything that may be done. The color sergeant is shot and he takes the place in his own hand and still stands in the line. It is very gallant, but one looks at it and thinks of Lawton and the scores of gallant fellows in South Africa who went to their death in just that way. It is a miracle that he has not been hit before now. Surely it cannot go on for long.

There is a call from some of the British for more ammunition. A fine grizzle-bearded Pathan, with huge bot turban topping his high figure, takes the ammunition mule by the bridle, and, followed by one of his fellows, it speeds not a sparrow could it make. It seems not a sparrow could it make. It seems one wonder of what stuff the hearts of such men are made to see these three walk steadily through the hail of bullets that spatter up the road about them and at their feet. The Chinese have the range as soon as the men show their selves, what trick of the wrist lifts the rifle to the mark, the gun unbent, then the man, at the left, in the rear, shows his hands to his head, staggers along a step or two and goes down by the roadside. The others never look around, but go on with their lead. Twenty yards further and the other man at the rear gets it and goes down. Still the talk at the mule head is the same, pang to pang, but, when he wavers, stops an instant, rises but, when he wavers, stops an instant, rises

to go on, and pitches forward, not surely, but with unattended, looks around as if wondering if anything had happened, then starts on up the road. These are half a dozen paces, throws up its head, braces its legs outward, swings from side to side and back. The animal has been shot, and is not of gone in. Some one must try again.

They chose a non-commissioned officer of the Wei-Hei-Wet regiment, a smooth-faced, square-jawed, fine-eyed South of England man. He had won the notice of half the regiment that morning by the steady bearing of his rifle. He was a good shot, but the steady calm gave him the ammunition in he was the man. The gate hit two of the men of his regiment, and with the mule's leading strap in his hand and the two men trotting behind, they swung through the gate and out on the open road. It was just a chance, such a slim little one, but

they would get going. Their heart thumped louder than a temple gong. Just at the beginning, however, they got the first man. His legs doubled under him, and he went down with his arms crossed in front of his face and lay quite still in the road. The Englishman was trotting, and the mule followed easily, undisturbed by spit or a nuzzle or roar of shell. All the while he kept his eyes on the man who had been killed at them. The Englishman swung off the road to go across to the first of his own men at the right. By the first ditch the second man went down. The Englishman made it his business to see that the third man was killed. He gathered himself up and went ahead at a smart trot, the mule following as if he knew all about it and understood that he had to keep up his pace. The third man pulled to have that man get through. It just seemed as if he couldn't be knocked down now. But he was. It took him apparently in the head for he went forward with both hands thrown out in front of him, and his helmet flew from his head. But the mule never stopped or checked his trot. Straight on toward his men he kept going. He was up in the air, and he seemed to him to come and catch him. He was a good mule and should have a cross of his own. But just at the last the Chinese got him too. One step he took all right, the next he was down on his knees and rolling over. But the ammunition was delivered. It was only a few steps to the line where the mule fell and before he was clear down. They were unshaking. They were back into the line. They were at their little ditch. There ought to be a distinguished service order for mules.

All this time the Japanese cavalry had been lying out on the open ground to the south of the mud wall watching a force of Chinese. Just as the allies got up to the west arsenal early in the morning a body of Chinese horsemen was observed leaving the crest of the west wall and moving toward the crest of the east wall. They were accompanied by infantry and all together numbered between a thousand and fifteen hundred. They had many bright banners and seemed to be regular troops. The word went around immediately that the reinforcements had reached Tientsin. By the next day and now were coming out to make a try at turning our left flank. They had the allies in a rather awkward position, for all our attack must go on in ahead of them and all they had to do was to swing in across the flat from their position to come east of the wall. So they moved on to the village to the south of the wall. They halted and planted their banners on some high grounds. There they stood all the morning, with the Japanese cavalry watching them, and those of us who were still on the wall wondering what it was all about. Finally it occurred to me that we must simply keep on attacking to protect the Chinese from the rear, in case we should make an attempt to go further up the wall and enter the city from the west. It had not appeared that any gun had been mounted in the reentering angle of the mud wall to the north of our position, so an attempt was made to go up there, and the Chinese were left standing where they were, unmolested.

It was getting on toward noon. Our fire had slackened off very greatly. It was essential to save ammunition and we were wasting none. The men were just lying as close as possible, waiting for the opportunity to make an attempt for darkness to develop what should be done next. Already there was talk on the brick gate where Gen. Dornward was of a retirement after sundown. Dornward said that was a very pretty movement, and one rarely seen. It was a fine spectacle to see the men come off completely unharmed. But, as the night

As our fire died out we heard very distinctly a heavy fire from the direction of the batteries on the left. The Chinese had made a counter-attack. The guns in the batteries on the left had been silenced. The Chinese had succeeded in capturing them. While we were waiting for developments on the left, and there was no news from the Russians, we thought of what they had accomplished. It was a big thing in the campaign below the settlement across the river. Admiral Alexiev was asleep, and taking a much-needed rest after the fighting of the early morning. His secretary, a man of enthusiasm and energy, told us that he had not been so successful as they anticipated, but they had done much and the rest would now be easy. The attack had been made at daylight, in two columns. Cols. Schellenski and Antichinoff with eleven companies were sent out across the plain in the morning. They had been ordered to take the railroad batteries in the flank after a long detour. Meanwhile the other three companies with two Russian batteries and the one of the French, moved along the line of the railroad toward the battery

The Chinese had occupied the eastern mud wall in great force and had loop-holed the wall so that it gave fine protection for their riflemen. The three batteries took position in the open, and supported by the three companies of infantry advanced steadily under heavy fire. Finally, the infantry made a determined rush and went over the mud wall, killing a great many Chinese. From there they went on steadily and occupied the railway road battery, capturing seven guns, nine boxes of 3.2-inch rifles, and a machine gun. One of the latter had been exploded by the French fire in the first stages of the advance, soon after sunrise.

dance, soon after sunrise, on from the battery and take the plan to go on from the battery and take it as their fort, but the Chinese had attacked at the railroad station in such force and it required so great an effort to dislodge them from there that it was not feasible to go on to the pagoda. The fighting at the station had been very severe, and the dead had suffered a great many casualties. The line had been reinforced twice, and two companies of the Ninth were sent back to the tankards had first sent in there. When the Russians got the railroad battery they swept on through the villages to the north of the station and taking the Chinese in the flank finally cleared them out. That ended the fighting at the station. The Russians rested where they were, holding all the ground occupied. Their casualties had numbered about 600 men, while the Chinese command had lost the artillery in the attack on the Chinese battery.

On the way back to the west arsenal the day results began to show for themselves. Men were struggling back to hospital as best they could in little parties of two and three, warts, legs and heads tied up with first-aid bandages. They were a sorry looking lot, but almost none of them seemed to mind being hurt. They were the sober ones among them for they realized apparently more keenly than the others what the day meant. It seemed to make no difference with the Japanese that they had been held in check all day when they had expected to get through the city long before noon. The complaint little fellows and stumblers along in the rear might have been the same. The point is no matter how bad the wound came in awhile one had taken of the clumps boots and was going easier in his stocking feet

On the brick gate the British General was discussing the possibility of a withdrawal under cover of darkness with more seriousness than in the morning. Not a thing had been accomplished all the afternoon except to hold our ground. After sundown it would be impossible to the men and they could sleep where they were, but what for to-morrow? In all the indications there was not the slightest promise that things would be any different than Fukuishima had sent in word just after noon that the men were sent in word just after noon that the shells of the five pounders be stopped. It was done quickly, and when it had resulted only in an increase of the Chinese fire it was found out that Fukuishima had been mistaken. Then the big guns sullenly took up their work

again and continued slowly pounding away at the city wall.

Then Colonel Capt. Bookmiller of the Ninth had been brought off the field badly wounded. One bullet struck him in the right hip, and as he fell another caught him in the left leg just below the knee. He lay for an hour or more in a ditch full of slimy, brackish water that made his wounds extremely painful. Then Dr. Harnister, the Major Surgeon of the regiment, came to his aid. He was unable to support the Capt. Bookmiller reported to Gen. Dornward that the position of the Ninth was absolutely hopeless. There was wide water to cross ahead of them and beyond it the Chinese were swarming in the huts in front of the wall. He gave the first reason for the taking of that position. It seemed that as soon as the Ninth started out on the road from the arsenal to support the others, they started the Chinese to attack with heavy fire from the right flank. It was known to Dornward and Fukushima that this would be the case and they had ordered their own men to pay no attention to it whatever, but to press on up the road until they could take cover. There was no way to reply to this flank fire except by the guns, and that was part of the task assigned to the Ninth by the Chinese command. This fire all came from the village across the water in front of the position the Ninth finally took. As soon as this fire developed Col. Liscum swung his men toward it in the belief, apparently, that he could get them in that direction and silence it by his own fire. But it turned out that the Chinese had perfect cover, as well as great numbers, and that they could shoot at will except the banks of the shallow ditches full of water. Then it was too late to retire.

All the afternoon parties of Japanese light bearers went wandering about the field, regardless of the rain of fire, picking up their wounded and taking them to places of comparative shelter where the surgeons could look after them. The dead, except officers, were left where they lay, but many of them were picked up by the plucky little stretcher men and carried in. Some of them were wounded themselves, but the work went uninterrupted. The Chinese took a special delight in shooting at them. Wherever they went their path was marked by a shower of bullets and the Chinese on the wall tried to kill them. One pair of them that were working from a cluster of mud huts half way up the main road seemed to be charmed. They went out again and again and always brought in the man. Once I thought they were gone surely, but they reappeared and the man was taken from where they were and started to go by himself. He was badly wounded and helpless. As he waded down into the ditch the water splashed up about them showing where the bullets were falling. The water was deep and they had to skim, pushing the other ahead of them. They were so slight that they could not be expected to kill him. They wanted about their work absolutely unconcerned and did not even deign to hurry. When finally they reached their man and got him on the litter they set out to find a place where they could cross the ditch. They were so busy that they did not notice the wounded man. It took them a long way around and the Chinese followed with a swarm of bullets. At last they got the place and made the crossing. By that time some one ahead had taken notice of them and began to fire on the wall. At the same time the Chinese sent a long stretcher men with their wounded friend between them, got into their hut all right.

Late in the afternoon, about 6 o'clock, Captain Nox, Adjutant of the Ninth, came out. He had been hit in the left arm in the morning and was now in a very bad way. He was wounded and he had gone on, with the attack

While Major Baunister was dressing the General's wounds, the doctor, Dr. Freese, remained by his side, and the General, after resting a while, sat up and consulted with him about the operation of the men along the line. Capt. Noyes could tell him nothing except about the Ninth, but he indicated their position on the map. The General had, then, toward Noyes, a few questions, and then gave the following instructions to try out the range ahead of the Ninth about half-past 7 by a few shots, and when it had been found to stand by to begin shelling at 8 o'clock to cover the withdrawal. Fukushima had sent in word a little while before that the enemy had begun to move out of the arsenal west. The English was not plain and Doreward did not understand, but the orderly did not speak English and there could be no explanation. All day it had been entirely a matter of luck communicating with the Japanese. The General had sent messengers to find Fukushima for Gen. Doreward, but none had succeeded. None knew us where to look, and it was all a man's life was worth to go roaming about the field, and to a great many cared to volunteer for the job.

One thing this day should teach the American army, one little thing out of great importance. I have seen six different breeds of men except the American, and I have seen the American get the water. The American had some contrivance for getting extra water to the field. It had been a fearfully hot day and the men have suffered greatly for water. Our men are notoriously prodigal of the contents of their canteens. They hadn't been on the march two hours and they had drunk the water and had nothing left for more. But there was no way to get more. The British, French and Japanese had their donkey carts or mules packed with breakers, but the Americans had nothing and their men had to suffer and stand it as best they could. It is no very great stand it is.

make but it counts atoned.

At half past three the French soldiers fired three shots and then for half an hour there was rest, while the last preparations were made for beginning the music merrily at dusk. We came in from Fukushima that he meant to begin at all hazards. He asked for a battery to support a slight attack on the Japanese position and a French battery which had not been in action went out and took position on the causeway behind a group of mud huts in rear of the Japanese. As soon as it grew dusk the shooting began and then the men of the Ninth regiment showed up in the Japanese position. They came slowly looking for the wounded and in two hours or a little more had all come in. Fuller's company of marines that had gone in to support them came out also. The men of the marines and the musketeers who had been over at the extreme left returned to the wall at the arsenal and the marines took the guard duty there for the night. Downward began preparation for planting some 12 pounders behind the Japanese position and the capture of the guns.

Only the Japanese and the French held the positions. The French had had good cover all day and had suffered comparatively little. Litter bearers scoured the field and the wounded were coming in a stream when I came out from the arsenal at a time that was not very long ago. There is no telling what the casualties are. More than a hundred Americans had been dressed in our hospital, and it is probable that the casualties of the Ninth alone were nearly as many. The number of the Japanese killed about 1,000. He was standing up holding the colors. Major Lee had just been remonstrating with him for exposing himself so much with so little to gain from it, but the Colonel refused to get down. He was struck in the head and fell. He was in a very bad condition almost immediately, dying apparently without pain.

Just about sundown the Chinese force which had been hanging on the left flank all day with drew toward the city, but it was not made out of the city until the Chinese had taken another position further to the northward.

There the action stands at midnight. We attacked with all the force we could send, and the Chinese replied us all day. For to-morrow there is little to expect, except such as we are assured of by the Chinese. If they are right, if he is, the victory will be all his. He is confident the Chinese will not stand for another day of such work as this has been. Persistence in attack, he says, they cannot make. He is sure that the Chinese will be driven, men shall retire a foot, but if the Chinese who has furnished so many surprises in the work shall give us one more and stand to the work to-morrow, it will be a sorry feat. Faintly, then, the only hope will be that the Russians may force their way across to the pagoda for after all and turn the Chinese guns on their selves.

FEUK-SHIMA WAS RIGHT.

July 14, afternoon—Fukushima as right. He has won his victory. He has demonstrated that special knowledge of your enemy is sometimes of more value than military precautions and he has been thorough to success the plan that Admiral Seymour was unwilling to sanction. His men are in the walled city of Tientsin and after them, through the gates they took the French and the Americans and drove them into the Chinese triangle. Over the south gate, at which the attack was directed, the Stars and Stripes are flying as this is written. Over the east gates flies the red ball on a white ground of Japan. The Union Jack snags on the bailyards above the north gate and Chinese men from Weihaiwei, in the khaki of the White Queen, look down on the French and the Americans for look in the street below. At the west gate floats the red, white and blue of France, and beyond, on the plain to the north and west, the men who yesterday made such a stubborn and successful defense.

The city are in wild flight for their lives. Gen. Fukushima, smiling and happy, came into his headquarters for a rest after the day's work. He told his staff that he would tell how it had happened. As soon as it was dark he ordered his men to press forward from their places in the line across the road along the west arsenal. The moon was full, but the clouds obscured the night just enough to make it possible to work so close to the wall that it was not detected. They were very quiet and kept up a lively fire, but the Japanese kept pushing forward, taking advantage of every chance for cover that was offered freely by the mud huts that line the road near the gate. In the midnight they had reached a great bare field in front of the gate. The Chinese had a party to defend it, but they could not stand the Japanese bayonets and fled precipitately. The Japanese rushed forward to catch them getting through the gate, but the fire from the wall held them back and they were not able to enter.

The French battery was now posted and shelled the wall vigorously, but without perceptible effect. Fukushima decided that it must be a rush after all, and he sent his picked little men forward again. This time they picked the wall, and were able to get up on it. The Chinese were so much surprised that they fled away. The engineers brought up their gun cotton and calmly proceeded to blow down the outer gate. The Chinese in swarms were fired over the top of the wall, but the Japanese were protected by their position.

They were now back on the wall, but they did not stop the enthusiastic Japs. The little fellows had taken scaling ladders along and now were putting them to prompt use. But those who had no ladders were not behind their fellows. They swarmed up the wall by the aid of their hands and feet. By the falling and rising fire of the day. As the first gate went down